

ARCHANGEL SUCCESS: FOE LOSS BIG, OURS NIL

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

COUNTRY SUCCESSES IN THE BEAUTY COMPETITION



Prize 13.—Miss L. Noel Owen, Cardiff. She was a canteen worker and a clerk in the local food office.



Prize 12.—Miss Mary Parry, Bradford, aged twenty. Inspector in munition factory.



Prize 6.—Miss Winifred Wilson, Hathersage, Derbyshire, aged twenty-two. V.A.D. in France.



Prize 10.—Miss Alexandra Shrubbs, Christchurch, Hants, worked as a V.A.D. at three hospitals.



Prize 9.—Miss Doris A. Pearce, Croydon, aged twenty-one. Worked as a tracer.



Prize 5.—Miss Dorothy Easton, Norwood, aged twenty-three. Clerk Army Pensions.



Prize 11.—Miss Fay Forrester, Belfast, Ireland, aged seventeen, was a munition maker.



Prize 7.—Miss E. Harrison, Swindon, Aged nineteen. Took the place of her father.



Prize 8.—Miss Phyllis Jubb, Southampton, aged twenty. Now driving an ambulance.

Though Norwood, Hampstead, and Forest Hill won the first, second, and third prizes respectively in *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Contest, the girls from the country scored a number of successes, and all parts of the United Kingdom are represented above. The value

of the prize they will receive is £10. To-day we publish the winners 5—13, portraits of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 having appeared in our special beauty number. Portraits of all the winners will be published in due course.

PRIZE FOR A BLIND HEROINE.

"Daily Mirror's" Award to Sightless Beauty.

HER STORY OF TRAGEDY.

Woolwich Danger Zone "Flash" —O.B.E. from the King.

The *Daily Mirror's* decision to award a consolation prize of £10 to a blinded heroine who entered her photograph for the Beauty Competition strikes a human note.

Everyone is pleased with this decision, and telegrams and letters of sympathetic approval have reached *The Daily Mirror* Offices from all parts of the country.

The sightless heroine is Miss A. M. Peters, a pretty munition girl of twenty-three, whose parents live at 55, Windmill-street, Brighton.

No girl made greater sacrifice for her King and country during the war than did Miss Peters, for she was totally blinded while on munition work in the danger department of Woolwich Arsenal. She was subsequently decorated with the O.B.E. by the King and by Lord Leconfield with the Empire Medal.

HEROINE'S STORY.

In Danger Zone—Tray of Powder Which Exploded in Her Face.

The story of the tragic event which cost Miss Peters her eyesight is best told in her own words.

"I went to work at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in March of 1917," she said.

"I was employed in the incendiary department, which is a section of the 'danger zone,' with one other girl, and we worked together and alone in a small room on a particularly dangerous explosive.

"All went well until September 22, 1917, the day of the accident.

"I had just taken the last tray of powder from the oven, where it had to be heated to a certain temperature, when I received the full force of a flash from the tin in my face.

"I suppose I became unconscious, for I remembered no more until I found myself in the ambulance, which carried me to the Women's Hospital in the Arsenal.

"I was severely burnt about the face, arms, and chest, and my eyes were so seriously injured that I lost my sight the morning after the accident.

"I should like to thank, through *The Daily Mirror*, all those at the hospital, my fellow workers, and hundreds of unknown friends who have been so kind to me."

When the photograph of the young heroine taken prior to her accident was submitted to the Beauty Competition, Editor it was at once decided to make it eligible for entry, and now, with the contest ended, she will receive a £10 consolation prize.

"Casey," as she was popularly known to her friends, is now training as a shorthand typist at the Normal College for the Blind, and *The Daily Mirror* understands that the £10 consolation gift will certainly be acceptable just now, as Miss Peters has set her heart on a typewriter of her own.

Before entering Woolwich Arsenal she was a shop assistant at Messrs. Sainsbury's Provision Stores in Hove.

A photograph of Miss Peters appears on another page.

RUSH FOR "DAILY MIRRORS."

Remarkable Demand All Over the Country for Special Beauty Number.

Daily Mirror were at a premium on Saturday throughout the country.

The extraordinary interest aroused by this paper's £1,000 Beauty Competition to determine who was Britain's most beautiful woman, has now culminated in a record demand for the special enlarged *Daily Mirror* Beauty Number.

News of exciting scenes comes from most of the large bookstalls and newsagents in all parts of the United Kingdom. In many places queues of people were waiting to buy copies of the Beauty Number before the shops opened.

As an instance of the general rapidity of the sales, it may be mentioned that in many districts it was impossible to obtain a copy of the paper after half-past eight on Saturday morning.

Demands for further supplies poured into this office throughout the day, but with such quantities that it was only possible to deal with a small portion of them.

Many members of the public called at our publishing offices and made special orders for a copy of the paper.

In several suburbs enterprising street hawkers who had obtained supplies of *The Daily Mirror* the first thing in the morning reaped a little harvest by offering the paper to the public at a shilling a copy.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in the city-going trams, buses and trains. Any passenger with a copy of *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Number became an immediate object of interest. Those who had none to spare were asked to be allowed to look at the beautiful portrait of the winner.

The charms of the first four prizewinners were everywhere the subject of debate, discussion and praise.



Sir Robert Chambers, Secretary to the Treasury since 1916, has been made a Peer.



Lord Hillingdon, the banker and landowner, has been made a Peer.

Inquiries at the Savoy, the Ritz and the Carlton yielded the statement that the Beauty Number had furnished a topic of conversation in all the restaurants.

The majority of our readers who were lucky enough to secure a copy of *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Number by prudently placing their orders earlier in the week, are preserving the issue as an historical souvenir of the greatest beauty competition ever held in this country.

SHY BEAUTY QUEEN.

Haunted Everywhere by Popularity—Flight from Bus and Cinema.

On Saturday Miss Sabbage discreetly absented herself from her home and spent the day in London with Miss Marsh, the winner of the second prize of £100.

She had some exciting times. Everybody appeared to have seen *The Daily Mirror's* photographs of the beauty prizewinners, and in the West End both were repeatedly recognised. An amusing incident occurred in the morning, when Miss Sabbage left her home for the City to exchange greetings with her girl friends at the bank where she had been employed.

She boarded an omnibus in which most of the passengers seemed to be reading the Special Beauty Number of *The Daily Mirror*.

Very quickly an observant young conductor recognised the principal winner of our competition.

He could not retain the discovery to himself. He whispered knowingly to the passenger nearest to him, and soon a dozen passengers were peeping over the top of *The Daily Mirror* at the Beauty Queen of Britain's women workers.

That modest young lady thereupon became so embarrassed that she jumped off the bus and continued the rest of her journey to the City in a taxi.

At all the leading variety theatres and cinemas in London and the provinces lantern slides were exhibited of *The Daily Mirror's* front page portrait of Miss Sabbage, and were warmly applauded by the audiences.

Miss Sabbage was herself at the West End Cinema when her portrait was shown there. There was much cheering, whereupon Miss Sabbage, with her friends, quickly retired, fearing that if her presence became known she might be called on for a speech.

To-day and for the remainder of the week Miss Sabbage will be achieving a cinema fame. She will be seen on the film in Pathé's Animated Gazette at some 3,000 cinema theatres throughout the country.

STUCK TO HIS POST.

Thrilling War Experiences of Cinque Ports Pilots.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAL, Sunday.

The official war records of the Cinque Ports pilots tell the story of a pilot who was in charge of a Greek steamer which struck a mine. The crew abandoned the vessel, leaving the pilot to his fate. For hours he was the sole occupant of the doomed and sinking ship, but he stuck to his post until rescued by a trawler.

Two pilots were attacked by hostile seaplanes—one off Deal. The German airmen swooped down and dropped bombs all around the ship.

Six pilots lost their lives through the sinking of their vessels and many have been immersed for hours in bitterly cold and rough weather before being rescued.

BEAUTY IN INDUSTRY.

A scheme for the establishment of a British Institute of Industrial Art has been formed under the direction of the Board of Trade, with the object of raising and maintaining the standard of excellence in works of industrial art produced by British designers, craftsmen and manufacturers.

"It will be, so to speak, a Royal Academy exhibition," said the secretary to *The Daily Mirror*, "and will consist of modern British works which have attained to a high standard of design, craftsmanship and manufacture."

"As soon as practicable we intend to open an Exhibition of Decorative Art."

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

The sunshine records were not high yesterday. Ritz, Harrogate and Salter's Isles reported the most sunshine—about five hours.

CONSTANT SHOT.

Thirty Young Irishmen Make Bludgeon attack on Police Guard.

FIERCE STRUGGLE AND SHOTS.

A sensational tragedy took place in Limerick yesterday evening involving the murder of Constable M. O'Brien, of Caherconish, serious injury to Constable Spillane, of Askeaton, and the wounding of Prison Warder O'Mahoney and three constables.

They were on guard at the Limerick Workhouse Hospital in charge of Robert J. Byrne, who was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour by a court-martial recently, and who was removed on hunger strike from Limerick Prison to the workhouse last month.

Visitors on Sundays are admitted to the hospital, and while they were coming and going twenty to thirty young men rushed into the ward, where Byrne was, attacked the police guard and bludgeoned them.

A desperate struggle ensued. Shots were fired and the fatality occurred in the struggle.

Whole thing did not occupy more than three to four minutes, and Byrne and his rescuers escaped.

EASTER EGG BOOM.

Striking Novelties for Gifts in London Shop Windows.

The Easter goose, after three or four years' inactivity, has consented to lay Easter eggs—but they will be 30 per cent. dearer.

In the course of a tour of shops and stores on Saturday *The Daily Mirror* was offered chocolate eggs and painted eggs, ivory dolls, and elephants and chickens with nice hollow places inside them to hold chocolates, and comic policemen and firemen and generals all made of chocolate.

The manager of one firm told *The Daily Mirror* that he had an order to supply an Easter egg capable of containing a small child.

WHISKY AND THE BUDGET.

Shortage Until Chancellor's Statement—and Afterwards!

The whisky shortage will continue until the Budget is safely passed, and there will be very few days even until the end of September.

"We are just where we were," said Mr. Butler, of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Regent-street, to *The Daily Mirror*. Until April 30 are allowed to draw only one-sixth of the total amount to which we are entitled.

"And after that date I think a tight hand will be kept on supplies until the Budget is passed. Of course, the Government must do something to prevent enterprising people with drawing the greatest possible quantity on payment of the lower duty."

LAST HOUR AS KAISER.

His One Desire Was to Bring His Army Home.

BERLIN, Sunday.

The *Freiheit* publishes a memorandum by Count von der Schulenburg dealing with the events leading up to the flight of the ex-Kaiser. Schulenburg says that on November 9 General Groener declared that the only salvation for the Fatherland lay in the immediate abdication of the Kaiser.

His Majesty then requested Count Schulenburg to give his view. The count said the Kaiser must not yield to force, and must not abdicate. The Kaiser agreed.

General Groener declared that no contest with the insurgents in Germany could be undertaken with success.

The Kaiser thereupon said, very sharply: "I desire from Marshal von Hindenburg and yourself the report, in black and white." The Kaiser emphatically declared that in no circumstances did he want civil war, and that he had only one wish, to take the army back home.

Marshal von Hindenburg then said he could no longer undertake the responsibility for the reliability of the army. The Kaiser replied:

"You must ask all my commanders-in-Chief about the feeling in the army. If they report to me that the army is no longer loyal to my person, then I am ready to go, but not before." —*Butler's* Special.

BAKERY FIRE AT BRIXTON.

Early yesterday morning the South London firemen were engaged in force in overcoming a fire which broke out at the Royal Arsenal Bakery, Brixton Hill; it was restricted to the top floor.

A hand grenade exploded on the fourth floor of a public-house in the Strand yesterday morning, and Herbert Hittins, sixteen, was seriously injured.

PLEA FOR "STARVING EUROPE."

Following a demonstration at Trafalgar-square yesterday afternoon, organised by the Women's International League, the watchwords of which were "Raise the Blockade" and "Save Starving Europe," a procession was formed and a resolution passed raising of the blockade carried to Downing-street.

BACK TO THE STAGE AT AGE OF 82.

Miss Genevieve Ward Thrills Audience.

"FEELS YOUNG AS EVER."

With snow-white hair and merry brown eyes, a charming elderly lady stood in the "wings" at the Alhambra Theatre yesterday afternoon, waiting her "call" to go on the stage. She refused a comfortable chair.

"No, I like to stand when I am here," she told the stage manager.

She was Miss Genevieve Ward, the famous actress, who is eighty-two years of age. She had come to the theatre to give her services for the matinee in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospitals memorial to Dr. Elsie Inglis.

Miss Ward looked round at the various theatrical "properties" with evident delight. "It is very homely for me," she laughed. "I have been on the stage since I was a girl of twenty—sixty-two years altogether—and I'm not tired of it yet!"

"Don't dare call me old! I feel as young and as gay as I ever did. My motto has always been 'Cheerfulness is the sum of life.' Keep cheerful and you will always be young."

HER RINGING VOICE.

"I am reciting this afternoon. Reciting is much more difficult than acting. One really has twenty parts or more to play. Is my memory good? Excellent. Don't think because I am eighty-two I have grown useless! I'm not retiring yet!"

And then Miss Ward went on the stage. The audience saw a small, frail, very erect old lady and, recognising her, they cheered her for fully three minutes.

She held up her hand and began. She recited "The Convict Women of Port Blair," and the ringing tones of her voice filled the theatre.

People who were prepared to make indulgences for so old an actress were amazed at the passion and power with which she put into her lines. Her personality electrified everybody.

As an encore she changed her mood and recited a homely little poem. It was a dialect poem and the sweet pathos of her voice sent a wave of emotion through the audience. They did not like to let her go—again and again she had to come before the curtain.

CHARMED THE TURKS.

Following Miss Ward came quite an unusual "turn"—Brigadier-General Maclean, D.S.O., a stalwart, soldierly figure, who played a selection of Highland airs on the bagpipes.

"I can't say I felt any stage fright," Brigadier-General Maclean told *The Daily Mirror*. "I have been away four years on the eastern front, and I think I am fairly hardened. On a few occasions I played the pipes in the trenches in Salonika. The Turks used to stop 'strafing' in order to listen, and it enabled our boys to get a bit of sleep."

"It is rather difficult to practise on the pipes in London. I live in Duke-street, and I think bagpipe music would be described as a 'noise' in that quarter. Playing the pipes is a very healthy hobby; it teaches one to breathe properly and increases one's chest measurement."

PROSPECTS OF GOOD TEA.

Ceylon Reports Speak Favourably of This Year's Crop.

Two-shilling tea has become familiar since this article has been de-controlled.

"War-time blends have not corrupted the public taste," said an expert in *The Daily Mirror*. "Every day the public is demanding a better and still a better quality."

"Reports from Ceylon speak favourably of this year's crop."

HAIG'S WELCOME HOME.

Sir Douglas Haig, having finished his task in France and accepted the Home Command, returned to London on Saturday.

With the exception of a few staff officers on the platform, there was no one to greet the hero of the Army and the host of the nation. But the lack of official welcome was more than counterbalanced by the enthusiasm of the enormous crowd that had gathered at the entrance to the platform and in the station approach.

TRIBUTE TO Y.M.C.A. IN WILL.

"To the Y.M.C.A. I give £100 to mark the strange fact that this society during the great war has shown by its works that it has been moved by the spirit of Christianity far more than those religious bodies from whom so much should have been expected."

It was a way in which the will of Major S. Harold Baker, Gloucestershire Regiment, who was killed in action in March, 1918.

SATURDAY'S RACING AT WINCORS AND AYR THE LEICESTER PROGRAMME, FOXING, FOOTBALL AND GENERAL SPORT WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 14 AND 15.

BOLSHEVIST DEAD LIE THICK ON ARCHANGEL FRONT

"PRELIMINARY PEACE BY EASTER."—PREMIER.

Huns Must Pay in Full, but Safeguards First.

NO ALLIED DIFFERENCES.

PARIS, Sunday.

The *Matin* publishes an interview which M. Stephane Lausanne, the editor, has had with Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Lloyd George recognised that public opinion was, in fact, showing a tendency of getting fatigued, but he added: "Is it too much to ask for those who have undertaken the gigantic task of reconstructing the old world the delay of another fortnight?"

"We are nearing the end. An agreement will soon be reached on all questions concerning Germany, and I am ready, on my part, to subscribe to M. Pichon's prophecy when he said the Peace preliminaries will be ready for Easter."

"Yes, at the end of April or the beginning of May the German delegates may be invited to come and sign."

"There is no divergence between the negotiators. But they often find themselves in the presence of technical difficulties."

GERMANY MUST PAY.

"Take one question, that of the reparation due from Germany. At bottom the Allies have the principle in common they always had, as well as the formula that Germany must pay at the last time that she is able to pay; but it is sufficient to draw up a bill and present it to the enemy."

"Is it not necessary to exact guarantees? Is it not necessary to study the terms, the means, the forms and the times of payment? Must we not be in a position to say to Germany when she pleads her insufficiency of resources, 'That is not so. You are able to go so far. You must do this and you must give that.'"

"In a word, are we merely to present a bill, or must we see to it that we get our money—all of it, that is possible?"

"This, however, is a slow, difficult and complicated task, as is shown by the fact that technical experts are not agreed between themselves either as to the procedure of the liquidation or as to the amount to be recovered. That is not so. No, there are no divergences between the negotiators, but they are often inevitable between experts, and even between experts of the same country. Who will arbitrate?"

"Cannot people judge our work, instead of seeking always to judge our intentions?"

"Let public opinion wait a few more days and it will then be able to form an opinion not on rumours, but on facts."—Exchange.

HOW GERMANY WILL PAY.

According to the *Petit Parisien* an agreement has been reached on the question of indemnities, says the Exchange. A thousand million pounds, says the journal, will be the first instalment of the indemnity, of which £400,000,000 will go to France and £200,000,000 to Belgium. The rest of the indemnity will be spread over a period of thirty-five years, and the economic blockade will be used to make Germany pay.

Marshal Foch and General Weygand, back from Spa had a long interview with M. Clemenceau yesterday.

The Day of Defeat.—Ludendorff, in his book, considers that the Germans suffered their decisive defeat on August 8, between the Ancre and the Avre, says a correspondent of the *Politiken*.—Central News.

MEANING OF UNREST.

Schools, the vote and the right to unity of action, were the three great factors which gave them a power which it would be a degradation to the memory of their forefathers not to use, said Mr. J. R. Clynes, speaking at Leeds last night. Workers wanted better wages, shorter hours and a higher standard of living. Labour unrest indicated a fight, not merely for bread and more wages, but for the success of ideals and the advancement of faith.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Light to moderate S.W.W. wind; cloudy to dull; some local showers or slight drizzle; mild.

Allies Defeat New Attack: Our Losses Nil But Enemy Pay Dearly.

BAVARIA BECOMES A SOVIET REPUBLIC.

Archangel Battle.—The Allied force on the Archangel front has defeated a further Bolshevik attack. The enemy dead lie thick on the battlefield. A Bolshevik commander and 100 men were captured.

Peace by Easter.—Mr. Lloyd George stated in Paris yesterday: "I am prepared to agree with M. Pichon's prophecy that the preliminary treaty of peace will be ready by Easter. At the end of April or at the beginning of May we shall be able to invite the German delegates to come and sign."

"RED" ARMIES SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES.

Battalion Commander and 100 Men Captured.

ALLIES' NIGHT OF SHELLS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

A wire from Archangel states that on the morning of the 5th, after a night of bombardment, the enemy attacked our positions near Shredmerenga.

The attack was repulsed with heavy loss, the dead lying thick around the blockhouses.

A battalion commander, his adjutant and 100 men of a Bolshevik regiment remained prisoners in our hands, together with five machine guns. Our casualties were nil.

A Washington message says General Peyton C. March, United States Chief of Staff, commenting on the situation at Archangel, declared that matters were well in hand. "It is incredible," he said, "that the Allied force there could be driven into the sea by anybody." General March announced that the intention of the War Department was to have the American forces out of that portion of Russia at the end of June.

The *Krasnaya Gazeta* and the *Red Gazette*, says a *Helsingfors* telegram, announced a large scale Bolshevik offensive on the Murman coast in the spring. Bolshevik troops are being concentrated towards Archangel.—Central News.

BRITISH RELIEF FORCE.

Advance Guard Leaving for Murmansk on Wednesday.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that the arrangements for the dispatch of the British relief force to Russia are being pushed forward with great rapidity.

The advance guard will leave on Wednesday next for Murmansk, and there it will be in a favourable position to proceed on the first opportunity to the Archangel front.

The main force will proceed in two sections, the first at the beginning of May and the second about a fortnight later. It is intended that the main force should consist for the most part of volunteers.

Probably the War Office will make an immediate appeal for volunteers, not only to the troops in the Armies of Occupation and to men who are preparing for overseas garrisons, but to discharged and demobilised men.

Many officers who have distinguished themselves in France and in other theatres of war have already made application.

The military authorities are confident that there will be an immediate and large response to the appeal for volunteers from among those who have been demobilised.

At the Savoy Chapel yesterday the preacher in his sermon made reference to the position of the British forces in North Russia.

To Evacuate Odessa.—The *Matin* says the Bolshevik Army, reinforced by new elements, is daily increasing its pressure on Odessa, the evacuation of which by the Allies is imminent.

The troops will probably withdraw behind the Dniester in order to protect Bessarabia and Rumania.—Exchange.

An Army Deserts.—A Stanislaw telegram says the Soviet Army has gone over to the Ukrainians and that thirty-five guns have already been handed over.

"SERBIA ASKING FOR HELP OF ALLIES."

Hungarian Bolsheviks at War with Serbia?

SMUTS IN BUDAPEST.

ROME, Saturday (received yesterday).

A message from Vienna, via Fiume, says that the Hungarian Bolsheviks have declared war on Serbia. Martial law has also been declared in Serbia, which is now demanding the help of the Allies.—Exchange.

VIENNA, Sunday. Negotiations between General Smuts and the Hungarian Government are reported to be progressing favourably.—Exchange.

General Smuts began his negotiations on Friday concerning the revision of armistice terms. Hungary and Rumania.—The Rumanian Press Bureau states:—

"It is learnt from Hermannstadt that the Rumanian armies have received orders to occupy the new line of demarcation recently fixed by the Peace Conference at Paris."

"The military authorities have arrested several Bolshevik agents who were working on instructions received from Budapest."—Reuter.

M. Allie, the French Envoy in Vienna, says Bolshevism is making progress in Austria, and troops will be necessary to maintain order.—Exchange.

Count Szechenyi, once one of the richest men in Hungary, is now ruined, says a Copenhagen Exchange message, and he says the situation in German Austria is grave.

BAVARIA PROCLAIMED A BOLSHEVIST REPUBLIC.

May Influence the Whole of Germany—Strike of 400,000.

A Soviet Republic was yesterday proclaimed in Bavaria, says the Exchange.

The signal was given on Saturday by the occupation of the Parliament buildings by the Spartacists, while at meetings in the city the new Republic was proclaimed.

The Independent Socialists have gone over to the Spartacists.

Herr Hoffman, the Bavarian Premier, who has been in Berlin, hurried back, but the troops declared that they would not move a finger for him.

The troops declare that their sympathies are on the side of the proletariat.

In a few days Bavaria will be in the throes of civil war. As soon as the Soviet Republic was proclaimed, the peasants from different parts of the country joined in a great gathering and decided to march on Munich.

The events in Bavaria will undoubtedly influence the whole situation in Germany. In the Ruhr district there are already about 400,000 men on strike, while in Dusseldorf a general strike is to be proclaimed to-day.

All has been quiet in Berlin up to the present, but the arrest of several hundreds of soldiers belonging to different regiments has caused a sensation.

Further serious events are expected to-day.

The general strike at Stuttgart continues, says the Central News. The counter-strike by the bourgeoisie is still in progress.

Augsburg Soviet Council declared its solidarity with the Russian and Hungarian Soviets.

CHAIRS USED IN A FIGHT.

MILAN, Sunday.

A meeting of the Reform Socialists to-day was broken up by a body of Bolshevik Socialists, who entered the hall crying: "Long live Lenin!"

A free fight ensued, sticks and chairs being used, and several were injured on both sides.—Exchange.

KING ALBERT'S AIR TRIP.

PARIS, Saturday.

The King of the Belgians started this morning by aeroplane for the purpose of flying to Brussels escorted by two other aeroplanes. Up to 5 p.m. the news of his safe arrival had not been received.—Wireless Press.



Map showing the position in North Russia. The Allied forces in the Archangel region, which are in grave danger, have defeated a fresh Bolshevik attack. The advance guard of the British relief force leaves for Murmansk on Wednesday.

LACK OF SHIPS AFFECTS DANTZIG DECISION.

Warning to German Railwaymen Not To Go On Strike.

The principle of permitting the passage of Polish troops by way of Danzig is, it is understood, agreed to by Herr Erzberger.

As the Allies are short of shipping, the Germans have agreed to the passage of Polish troops by land.

General Haller's Army, therefore, will be conveyed right across Germany at the rate of ten trains daily.

German railwaymen threaten a strike on April 10 for more wages, and the *Berlin Tageblatt* says it would have serious consequences, for the "Entente only desisted from landing Polish troops at Danzig on condition that the railway transit proceeded smoothly and rapidly across Germany."—Reuter's Special.

LORD READING'S HOPE.

"I will content myself with the hope that by some means at the Paris Conference some plan will be adopted which at least will give us security for a very considerable time," said Lord Reading at a farewell dinner in New York yesterday.

"We must now," he added, "withstand the march of anarchy and must not allow another despotism to take the place of that which we have just conquered."

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1919.

WHAT SORT OF A PEACE?

WE all want a good peace, and we want it as soon as possible.

But we do not all want a bad peace very soon.

We prefer to wait—if it must be—for the proposed element of badness to evaporate out of the Conference. "Peace before Easter"—certainly, if it be a good peace. If not, then better "no peace before Whitsun."

What do we call a "good" peace? Once again, let us say it—a peace that will not make future wars.

But that is too loose a definition:

Probably, or possibly, even the fiercest reactionaries in Paris or elsewhere would agree in words about that. What they do not agree about is the means whereby the aim no more wars can best be carried into effect.

And some of them are hypnotised by a theory of "securities." They want to secure their futures. Each nation wants to be certain of itself. Therefore, each nation has a theory, also, that it would be a good thing to annex all the other nations, or at least all that can be obtained of them. Each nation has representatives or journalists who urge this point of view. And if it isn't at once accepted, they accuse their opponents of delay, and ply the leading French and British newspapers with articles of propaganda, walling that Britain and France must "stick together," and that the delay is all Mr. Lloyd George's fault. . . .

Quite the contrary! It is *their* fault, as we have often said. They want to hurry us into a good old-fashioned warlike peace. We prefer to wait a little longer for a peace worthy of the name.

Meanwhile, we can be sure that Mr. Lloyd George has been safeguarding British interests, as well as the interests of the world. The point is, indeed, that the two need not be, and are not, incompatible.

GET TO WORK!

ONE of the reasons against excessive peace celebrations this summer is the probability that we shall not have peace when peace is signed at Versailles. We shall have insurgent Eastern Europe still to deal with.

But another domestic reason is the need to urge all classes to *get back to work*. We don't want further demoralisation, likely to result from further revelry.

For one thing, London urgently needs to be emptied of its present inordinate multitudes, not purposely filled with new ones. The spirit of the "beanfeast" has really gone on long enough as it is. Millions seem to surge ceaselessly about—with nothing to do! Theatres, of whatever quality, are packed. Impossible to enter a restaurant. Public vehicles—well, enough has been written about their unspeakable state.

What is needed as a remedy is to get people, so to speak, out of the way of Jaz-zing and into the road of Reconstruction.

At present, the public attitude, imitated no doubt from the departmental disposition, is: "No work and spend all the money you can."

Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have something to say about it when he brings in his tremendous Budget in a few days' time.

W. M.

PREPARING FOR PEACE AT VERSAILLES.

HOW THE OLD CITY AWAITS THE GERMAN DELEGATES.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

IN these days, when the German delegates are awaited, we go out from Paris to Versailles, and renew our acquaintance with the magnificent Palace with the Grand and the Petit Trianons, which for me and for many people are the most romantic places in the world.

The wheel has come full circle.

In the same Hall of Mirrors—Galerie des Glaces—where France was compelled to sign the humiliating treaty which enregistered the spirit of Prussianism, Germany will in a few weeks sign the Allied Treaty.

As one stands on this spot where the foundation-stone of the German Empire was laid one is seized by a vivid sense of the instability of human things. Vanity of vanities!

know that the preparations of the many salons is proceeding hastily, and that in a few days all will be ready for the statesmen of the world.

What salons!

Mounting by the sumptuous stairway *de la Reine* and passing by the marble court, you enter the Salon de Mars, where Louis XIV., the Grand Roi, the Roi Soleil, listened to the music of the melodious Lulli, and where all that brilliant society of the seventeenth century assembled under the dazzling illuminations. There, doubtless, Brockdorf-Rantzau will present the Germans' point of view.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Some of the smaller rooms will serve as the private studios of the plenipotentiaries. What momentous decisions have been taken in the Council Chamber where three generations of French Kings held their consultations! But to-day still more momentous decisions will be taken in that salle, since the chiefs of the Allied countries and of the enemy countries are to take joint possession of it.

The violins played and the gay courtiers

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 9.



It is always the "time of year" that makes one ill. What is one to do about it?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

Where is the dream of the brutal Bismarck to-day? It is a strange, dramatic reversal, and the imagination sees in the multitude of reflected figures in the mirrors the forlorn ghosts of the men of fifty years ago.

There is certainly a sort of fever, the agitation of expectation, in the town of Versailles in this moment before the grand denouement.

Nobody wants to have the doubtful honour of housing the German delegates. The people in the hotels express themselves emphatically against the admission to their apartments of the representatives of the enemy.

In the library of the Château they have wound up a clock which has been silent for a long time. As you pass it begins to play "Il faut bergère!" It has indeed been a time of tears for France, but after the rain does not the good time come again?

They must change this old French tune on the old royal clock.

Will the splendid fountains throwing their wonderfully patterned waters into the air be set working during the stay of the Peace Conference?

The guardians do not know. They only

danced. Intrigue and merriment filled the Chateau. But outside there was the rumble of the revolution that made France what she is to-day.

The tragedy of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette seems to hang over and haunt these spacious and beautiful apartments. There is something romantically sad in the very aspect of Versailles from which the glory has departed. As one strolls in the artificial park, with its alleys of clipped trees and its cold statuary, one can only think of a vanished age.

There is something incongruous in directing all these telegraph and telephone wires upon the old Château. The modern spirit does not altogether blend with the spirit of the past.

Versailles is to be invaded with unwelcome guests. And Versailles is torn between the feeling that she is to be honoured as the historic place where peace will be signed and detestation at the coming of the Germans.

Just now they talk of nothing else. The date is not far off when perhaps the most important page in human annals will be written in this "City of Waters."

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR.

WAYS OF SOLVING THE PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

COMPETITION.

IF "competitive birth-rates" are as wrong as your correspondents point out, is not all international competition equally wrong?

Ought we not to get to work first to settle this problem of industry by agreement between the modern nations? It amazes me to see the way in which Labour quarrels and grows wild with its disputes at home, without seeing that international competition will ruin its future unless it is diminished or better organised.

ECONOMIST.

Bedford.

ACT AT ONCE!

HAS not most of the "sound reform" been mainly talk so far?

The point is that Commissions and other things must be of use.

The smallest delay in carrying out the recommendations of the Commission and there will be new distrust and trouble on the part of the workers.

S. M.

Hammersmith.

AMERICA, IRELAND, BRITAIN.

IT would be interesting to a Britisher who has resided in the United States for the past three years to learn from what source Mr. T. P. O'Connor gets his information. As stated in your issue of April 4, he is reported to have said that "there was in Ireland and in the United States, and in our own Dominions, a stronger anti-English feeling than he had ever known."

Possibly this is true as far as Irish-Americans and German-Americans are concerned.

Fortunately for America, collectively they represent but a very minor portion of the American people, and their opinions have little in common with those of real Americans, who have nothing but the highest admiration for Great Britain, and are loud in their praise for the magnificent part she has played in this great struggle.

T. E. PEARMAN.

Hotel Ivanhoe, London.

"EXPRESSION" OR BEAUTY?

YOUR correspondent is quite right as to "plain" (so-called) girls being deserving of recognition equally with their sisters of "beauty" (so-called).

As a matter of fact, many of the noblest, most graceful, dignified and even majestic women have not possessed "pretty" features, but something far more valuable to the real connoisseurs of beautiful form—viz., superb figures, whilst their features, too, show splendid character and a truly human and lovely expression, which are far more precious than regularity or fineness of features without that priceless sunshine of the soul.

ARTIST.

"UNEARNED INCOME."

I WAS very pleased to see the letter signed "Income."

He voices a grievance which I consider criminal to neglect—i.e., the charging as unearned income that which in thousands of cases has been earned in a life of ceaseless toil and industry.

In my own case, it was only after fifty years of hard work that I was able to enjoy a small income, and now I, and others, are charged the same rate as people who have had it thrown into their laps.

It would only be fair if, on making a statutory declaration (which could be tested), or appearing on oath before the Commissioners, they were charged as "earnings."

If you could aid in this and help to give such people their right status, I am sure you would earn the gratitude of many thousands.

WILLIAM OLIVER.

SHORTER LETTERS.

More Crank Taxes.—A small tax upon cats is a good idea, but I would double that upon dogs, as they are such a nuisance in our streets. I would also tax babies (5s. a year each), bicycles (a guinea per annum) and a yearly impost of 5s. upon perambulators.—TAXATION.

Cycles.—Since "B. D." proposes to tax cats, may I again bring forward the suggestion for a tax on cycles? The cyclist has no restrictions on his pastime (with the exception of the compulsory rear light, which he foolishly resents), and it is highly probable that he would be of use in some way the roads he uses so much.—W. H. K.

Plain Girls.—If a Plain Girl Competition were run it is more than probable that more "beauties" would be discovered than amongst those who consider themselves eligible for the "Beauty" Competition.—V. M. L.

SPRING.

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred, And all our wide glad wastes abower around, That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound. Here we first together saw and heard Spring's light reverberate and reiterated word Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned Here with the best one thing it ever found, As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

—SWINBURNE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocence of an even and private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath repaid thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.—Jeremy Taylor.

Russells

Easter Hats

THE exquisite charm of these apparently simple Hats lies in their novel becoming lines and wonderfully appealing colours. A first glance brings appreciation.



M 28.—A delightful Hat of Yedda Straw, lined, tagel, trimmed ribbon to tone, and finished with an artistic rose. In Putty, Shantung, Mole, Amethyst, Navy, Sèvres Blue and Black. Box 1/- extra. **25/9**



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M 21.

H.C. RUSSELL L^{td}

M 21.—Smart new shape of Coarse Straw, trimmed ribbon. In Putty, Quaker, Saxe, Rose, Nigger, Navy, Purple and Black. Box 1/- extra. **8/11**



M 27.

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Write for Maxsons Latest Bargains Bulletin of Fashions.



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Luxurious Wide Wrap in Natural Grey Kit Fox. Beautifully finished with tails. 24 yards long, 12 inches wide. Original price 39 gns. Sale Price **25 gns.**



Magnificent Coat in super-fine Seal Coney, with large and deep Collar of Skunk Opossum or Australian Opossum. 48 inches in length. Original price 19 gns. Reduced to **12 gns.**



Three-quarter Length Coat in fine quality Caracul. Deep Roll Collar that can be closed to the neck. Two outside pockets. Original price 15 gns. Reduced to **8 gns.**

The Tie that is illustrated is one of a series in Real Russian Ermine. Clear White skins, real tails.

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DERRY & TOMS—Kensington High Street, W.8.

NEW FASHIONS IN WOMANLY GRACE.

SOME WONDERFUL WAR WORK TYPES.

By MARY HOWARTH.

Our contributor shows us how patriotic service has improved the beauty of women.

WHAT is your idea of a heroine? She is female personified, though her form and features may not answer the code of perfection as it is understood generally.

Picture to yourself the heroine you consider beautiful and you will have a very fair notion of Fashion's ideal girl of 1919.

We live now in the midst of heroines. Girls and women who have worked their hardest for their country, surround us on every side. Their actions and supernal selflessness have established the canons of beauty as we are understanding them at present, and have upset the old ones which were only false and feeble.

Is it surprising that we set great store now by the look of straightforward and vital intelligence that irradiates the face of every girl who has been at grips with war conditions, "out there" or at home? It has done away completely with that impassive stare which used to look through and even beyond one, as if the trouble of even pretending to be interested was too much exertion.

NO KISS CURLS!

There was a spice of haughty contempt in that stare. Some quite young misses, children of about fourteen, have it still by inheritance, I suppose. They have the prerogative of it now, for their elder sisters and their mothers were face to face too often with sorrow and pain during the years of horror to cherish anything so banal, and their expression now is human and kind and, above all, very understanding.

Fashion finds the heroine's face adorable, and, to give it the fullest view possible, is favouring a quite new coiffure.

The hair must be brushed straight back from the forehead. There must be no fringe, no kiss curls; the often exquisite line of the brow must be revealed.

Let any girl who has not tried the vogue do so, and when the first shock of realising a great difference has passed away she will comprehend the charm of this classical treatment.

She will realise its refinement and how it endows her features with delicacy and gives her youth's own expression of sweet childishness.

Yes; I know it is trying to some faces.

But it is of a singular beauty, this vogue, to a great many more than anyone would imagine, until tried and proven. And it enhances amazingly that aspect of intelligence of which I have made mention.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.

Girls of medium height, lightly built and very supple, are the pegs upon which Mme. Mode likes to hang her newest spring frocks.

The Junoesque figure is too imposing for the scanty evening corsage and the hop-pole daughter of Eve too tall for the curtailed skirt of general wear. And that is as it should be.

There are far more girls of 5ft. 6in. measurement than 5ft. 10in. and upwards, and since heroines are to be considered it is the needs of the majority of women that must be thought about now and satisfied.

But all these beauties must be very lean. Greyhounds they have been called, looking, though "in the pink," as little hampered by flesh as hard-work will have left them. Again, the heroine pattern is preserved.

The silhouette of the moment is that of the young schoolboy athlete, lissome, graceful, charming. "We have seen it for years now in uniform, breeched, puttee, short-skirted. Is it wonderful that it is our standard of beauty, remembering the work that has fostered it and what that work has meant to the nation?"

The no-sleeve fashion, an attribute of the season's evening dress, and the milkmaid sleeves of daytime frocks are, of course, a direct compliment to the beautifully-modelled arms of our youthful heroines, who gained them by hard work and muscular exercise in all kinds of service during the years of war.

Indeed, nearly every new vogue Fashion has brought into the showrooms of the dress-makers this spring in some subtle way acknowledges the stupendous doings of femininity whilst she neglected perforce the shrine of the modes.

Never before so potently as now has individuality been observed in dress, to the end that each woman can express by her clothes, their texture, colour and style, her mood, her magnetism, her self.

SHOULD MEN MANAGE THEIR HOMES?

HOW "NICE" HUSBANDS TRY TO CATER.

By JOAN KENNEDY.

VERY few men attempt to "manage" their homes directly. The husband who wants to plan the meals, sort out the laundry, darn the family's stockings and see that the son and heir gets his proper rest is a rarity. Indirectly, a good many "quite nice" husbands try to manage their households.

They keep a tight hold on the purse strings. The average wife is far too tied up with the management of her home and the care of her children to become a wage-earner in the outside labour market. All wives deserve wages, but all wives do not get them.

And thereby hangs a discussion. Should wives have wages? Some wives do receive wages.

The man whose income is fairly comfortable often gives his wife a dress allowance. Rarely do such women have to account for their pin money. Wives not so lucky steal from the housekeeping allowance. Other wives have no housekeeping allowance to steal from. They are to be pitied.

They are the wives of men who attempt to "manage" the home.

"Order what you like and send the bills in to me," says the would-be man manager.

It sounds easy and comforting in theory. In actual practice it arouses resentment in a woman's heart, robs her of the joy of shopping and bargaining, puts her into the position of a beggar and lands her in many an awkward predicament.

Whether a man earns a pound a week or makes a pound a minute, a percentage of his income should go into the hands of his wife.

Having no allowance, whether for house-keeping or for dress, is like living on credit. No woman can be economical when forced into that position, for credit and economy are quarrelsome bedfellows.

There isn't a wife living who enjoys being penniless, and, with the exception of a few wasteful and careless examples of womanhood, no wife should be expected to allow her husband to manage the home.

To have to ask for money every time she needs it is degrading to a woman, and the man who attempts to "manage" the home by keeping his hand on the purse strings is a mismanager—especially when his means are limited.

It's all very well for the managing hubby to bring home a surprise in the shape of a crêpe de Chine blouse, which is his idea of what will suit his wife and please her.

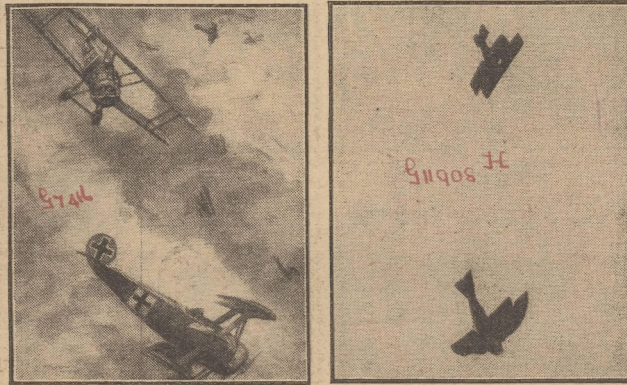
It may and it may not.

But with one John Bradbury in her purse and the chance to pick up a length at a sale (which her own fingers would turn into a garment) there'd be no doubt about that wife's pleasure.

Every wife should know what she has to spend and every wife should have something to spend.

If a woman can manage a home she deserves her wages. A housekeeper would get them in addition to her board and lodging. Then why shouldn't a wife?

They may be small, but she should be sure of them. And out of them let her clothe herself and provide for her small pleasures.



THE R.A.F. EXHIBITION.—The picture on the left is reproduced from a drawing by Mr. Joseph Simpson, and that on the right from a photograph taken during a fight in the air in France.

HOW WILL VILLAGES CELEBRATE PEACE?

A NUMBER OF SUGGESTIONS FOR RURAL DISTRICTS.

By HOWEL EVANS.

NOTHING seems definitely settled yet as to a Peace Day celebration in our village.

Certainly for that day the greer has promised to reserve me claret, bottle of, one, and, if possible, the handy man of the village will clean our windows the day before.

But the authorities of the place do not seem to be making any move just at present.

There is, of course, to be a treat for the schoolchildren, and the vicar has made an impassioned appeal for a new organ.

Whenever there threatens to be a function of any kind the vicar always appeals for an organ. The last time was at King George's Coronation, but he only collected enough for two hassocks and a new gown for the vergers.

If he were invited to a boxing match at the Stadium I believe he would rise and appeal for a new organ.

The milkman sent quite a bright suggestion to the local paper—a drinking-fountain in the market-square. But as this would be exactly opposite his shop the local humorists got busy.

The newsgang has suggested the building of a new reading-room, which he would manage free of charge. "Uterior motives as to the supply of papers," cries the village.

The butcher has advocated the revival of the old custom of roasting an ox whole in the principal street.

The school music mistress strongly supports the idea of the organ. To anyone subscribing she offers music lessons at the reduced tariff of sixpence an hour, with bun and glass of milk thrown in.

The dustman—we only have one—favors an open-air fete, the principal event to be climbing the greasy-pole with a prize of £5 and a leg of mutton. This dustman was at one time the champion greasy-pole climber of the county. He would walk miles to climb greasy poles, and during the summer it was believed he never bought a Sunday joint. Jealousy stated that his remarkable success was due to the fact that his trousers were fashioned of emery-paper.

A young lady who went in for a competition to bring to light a new Mary Pickford wants a cinema theatre at which the pictures shown shall be of entirely local production. Having written a few cinema plays myself which are too good for the present market, I have—but I was forgetting the allotment-holders. They think that a vegetable show would be the most appropriate celebration.

The undertaker thinks it would be an admirable idea to cut down the avenue of elms that fronts the doctor's house. It is assumed, of course, that the undertaker wants to buy the wood cheap for certain trade purposes.

But it looks as if nothing definite ever would be arrived at. So if the Government want to spend any more money on new departments I would suggest that they start a really useful one to provide ideas and pageant masters for Peace Day.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE AIR.

THE WORK OF BRUSH AND CAMERA COMPARED.

By JOSEPH SIMPSON.

Mr. Simpson, who was an official artist with the R.A.F. in France, writes an interesting story.

THE exhibition of enlarged photographs in colour illustrating the "War in the Air," which is now open at the Grafton Galleries, contains more than 200 examples, all of which are of immense public interest.

Almost every side of the work of the Air Force is illustrated.

There are photographs of every type of British aeroplane and seaplane, many of them ingeniously arranged in the form of a frieze in the large gallery, photographs of airships, parachute descents, jolly pilots, charming W.R.A.F.s, and even messenger pigeons. And, what best illustrates the work of our gallant aerial photographers, some of the most remarkable "vertical" and "oblique" photographs in existence.

These photographic maps—for that is what they are—of the German trenches and positions—which, changing from day to day, were photographed from day to day—formed the basis of the British plan of attack and revealed the objective for our artillery and infantry.

They are the photographs that won the war.

DAUGHTERS AND RISKY WORK.

In danger to "take" these latter photographs both the pilot of the machine employed and the observer photographer gambled with their lives.

At any moment they might have been brought down either by "Archie" or by one of the fast German scouts, which were always on the look-out for our "two-seaters" engaged on a photographic "stunt." In many cases our fighting scouts acted as escorts to ward off an enemy attack, but even under the most favourable conditions photography over the German lines was always dangerous and risky work.

Moreover, the photographer was heavily handicapped as a combatant by having to handle a machine gun as well as a camera and by the type of machine used for this class of work. Slow moving, as it must be for effective photography, one type used was also cranky and erratic under control and most comical in appearance. The "joke" of the Air Force and the subject of a great deal of humour bandied about in the mess, it was invariably spoken of as a "Harry Tate."

That the photographers' work was "no joke" may be gathered from such a picture as "Haig Attacks at Albert" (79), rightly described in the excellent catalogue as "one of the most remarkable photographs ever taken from the air."

Shells can be seen bursting while our men are advancing over the scarred ground in face of a withering fire from the enemy, who can be seen in his trenches to the right of the photograph.

AIR CINEMA APPARATUS.

But the purely pictorial photographs are the main attraction of the exhibition. Many of them are masterpieces of composition. All of them are of the greatest possible interest as records of the work of the Air Force.

So far as actual "war in the air" is concerned, one regrets that no photographs of air fights were included.

I am sure that the public would be greatly interested in photographs which gave even an impression of Hun machines going down in flames or breaking in the air. Many such photographs have been taken by French airmen, particularly by Guyotier, who "confirmed" his victories photographically by releasing a "gadgets" which set in motion a cinema apparatus attached to his machine.

Another fact to be noted is that the photographer invariably finds where the artist sometimes succeeds in that an instantaneous photograph does not suggest the speed and movement of an aeroplane in flight.

Nearly all the machines in these photographs seem as though they were suspended in the air by invisible wires, and are without movement.

I have seen several "cubist" pictures of machines in the air which conveyed a suggestion of the engine and other noises of an aeroplane—no small achievement, believe me—but in all other respects they were even less convincing than a photograph in suggesting its terrific movement.

But the subject is a difficult one to tackle either with brush or camera, so let us congratulate the aerial photographer on his splendid achievement in recording other aspects of the "war in the air."

THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT A HOSPITAL.



The King and Queen paid an informal visit on Saturday to the Sir Frederick Milner Hospital, St. John's Wood, for shell shocks cases. Their Majesties are seen watching some of the patients enjoying a game of bowls. They were also given demonstrations of the curative effects of electrical treatment.

CLIMBING A WEIR. CONS



There were some extraordinary obstacles in the cross-country race held in connection with the sports at Bradfield College on Saturday. For instance, the boys had to climb a weir—no easy feat.

Miss A. M. ton, who w munitions. trants for t to receive a from



RIOTS IN EGYPT.—Major Cecil Jarvis, M.C., killed. Four of his brothers fell in action in the war.



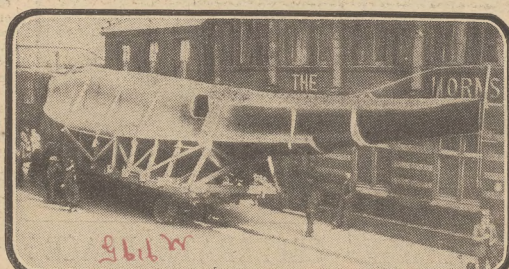
SIEGE OF ASSIUT.—Lt.-Col. A. W. Hazel, killed by a sniper's bullet while taking part in the relief operations.



"HOW I LOST AT WINDSOR."—Two stable



A WALKING OUTFIT.—It is of amber and yellow check and wool velour with a white velvet collar.



WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT.—This great craft was "held up" at Chesterfield owing to the motor-lorry breaking down. It was being conveyed from Gosport to Glasgow when the accident occurred.



Mr. George Robey and Miss Shirley Kellogg.



Miss Daphne Pollard's clever make-up.



Miss Phyllis Bedells dances delightfully.

"JOY-BELLS" AT THE HIPPODROME.—There is colour and catchy music in abundance in this gorgeous new revue, and many

ON. SEVENTEEN O.B.E.s

SIR D. HAIG BACK FROM THE RHINE.



Lord Powerscourt reviewing the guard of honour at Dublin on Saturday, where he decorated seventeen ambulance workers with the O.B.E. for devotion to duty in the face of danger.



The Field-Marshal disembarking at Folkestone. Behind is Lady Haig, who travelled from London to meet him.



A LABOUR MAN.—P.C. E. J. Bateman, City force, a candidate for the Bermondsey Board of Guardians.



AWARDED O.B.E.—Mr. Victor E. Wells, who, with his wife, had charge of a Salvation Army hut in France.



Before leaving the Army of Occupation in Germany Sir Douglas Haig inspected the marines and bluejackets attached to the flotilla of motor-launches on the Rhine. It was a farewell review.



Miss Anita Elsom in a striking dress.



Miss Anita Elsom and Mr. Leon Erroll.

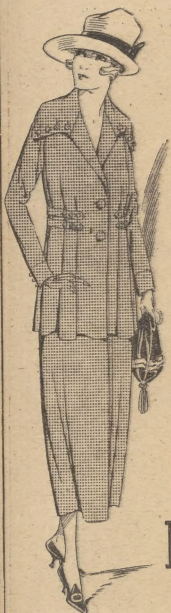


Mr. George Robey and a fairy.



A NEW YORK CREATION.—The skirt is of blue bombinette with a deep border of blue and white stripes, worn with a shirt-waist of white georgette and satin.

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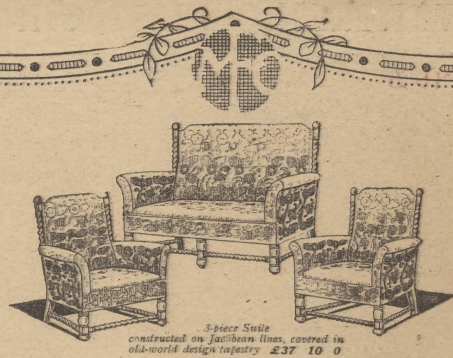
These people are a large
number.

People who have set their
fears on the Labour party
have to consult the "Daily
Herald" to learn the worst.

And they are rather a
large number too!

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You can save ten pounds in every hundred—10/- in
every £5 note—by furnishing at the "Midland," and
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Discount of 10 % given on all cash purchases.

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for gradual payments spread over 1, 2 or 3 years. No
charge whatever is made for credit—no interest added.

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Design No. 1265. **49/6**

A Smart design made in Allen Foster & Co.'s celebrated Oxford Serge. Colours: Navy, Brown, Grey, Green and Black. Coat lined throughout, stylish pockets and revers, self but tons. Well made corset skirt, gathered at back, waistband. **49/6**
Price complete Carriage paid.

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Write to-day for Catalogue (No. 4) Spring Fashions Ladies' and Maids' Costumes, Coats, Chat Frocks, Skirts, &c.

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MAID'S COAT & SKIRT.
Made in all the colourings of Oxford Serge, Colours: Navy, Black, Bottle Green, Nigger, Grey. Coat lined throughout. All round belt, fashionable pockets, deep revers. Skirt cut full with strap at back of waist.
SIZES 7 8 9
Skirt—30 32 34in.
Price only 39/6 Carriage paid.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.



The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Yorke, who has been very ill, worked in a canteen all through the war.



Miss Yvacinth Bonbons, to marry Lt. Col. George de Grey, son of the Hon. John de Grey, this week.

SPEEDING UP.

A Favourite Week-end Resort—The Revival of the One-Act Play.

I HEAR ON THE HIGHEST authority that Mr. Lloyd George will make a statement in the House of Commons on the Peace terms to-morrow week. So it looks very promising for a speedy peace. I gather that Mr. George has consistently stood by his various public utterances on the Peace terms during his stay in Paris, and has never lost sight of British interests.

No Discord.

Stories of jarring notes in the Conference, I also learned, may be dismissed as without foundation. Considering the vast number of differing interests involved, the discussions have run wonderfully smoothly.

These Reports.

To show how matters in Paris are being speeded up, I might mention that all the committees set up by the Peace Conference are supposed to present their reports no later than to-day.

To Be Punished.

It is now likely that the Germans themselves will put some of the more brutal of their atrocity-mongers on trial. The Belgian outrages are to be inquired into, also the circumstances of the Lusitania horror. I do not suppose we should have heard of this being done if the Germans had won the war.

Afforestation.

I am told that the Government have vetoed the proposal that the re-afforestation of Great Britain should be done from Whitehall. Strong representations have been made by Scottish members of Parliament.

Divided Duty.

As a result, Scotland will look after its own afforestation, which means dealing with something like 6,000,000 acres.

War Laws.

I hear that the Government is likely to make a statement shortly as to legislation enacted for war purposes. Mr. Shortt is expected to say what war laws will automatically lapse when Peace is signed. I am sure we shall be very pleased to hear.

The Address.

It was typical of Mrs. Lloyd George that in her election address for the Criccieth District Council, when she wrote in Welsh, she addressed the electors as "Dear fellow townsmen and women," dropping into the more formal "ladies and gentlemen" in the English version. She thinks much of Criccieth as a health resort.

Another "Real" Wedding.

I hear that Miss Violet Keppel is another bride-to-be who will have a "real" wedding of the magnificent order. Miss Sonia Keppel, 18545, 18141.



Miss Winifred Henderson has gone from musical comedy to films.



Lord Crew, presented police and life-saving medals during week-end.

her younger sister, will be chief bridesmaid. The bride-to-be has already received a large number of presents.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A New Peer?

I heard an interesting rumour in Clubland during the week-end that Sir Reginald Brade, the well-known permanent secretary to the War Office since 1914, may receive a peerage at an early date. Few men worked harder during the war than this very able and popular official.

Sir Albert Stanley's Post.

Sir Albert Stanley's determination to stick to his post in the Government as President of the Board of Trade is all the more creditable since I happen to know that the post always awaiting him in the railway world carries with it a salary two or three times as large as that drawn by him as a Minister of the Crown.

Happy London.

The milder weather brought happy-looking crowds into Hyde Park yesterday, and many of the chairs, artfully placed in couples and groups, were occupied. The Row was crowded, and I noticed many child-riders.

Farther Afield.

"Buses for Barnes Common, Hampstead and similar spots soon filled up. It was just the morning for what Londoners call a "blow."

Sir Edward Carson's "Week-end."

Birchington, the quaint, old-fashioned south coast town, where Rossetti lived and died, is attracting quite a number of notable "week-enders." A friend tells me he saw Sir Edward Carson there on Saturday "looking very fit and happy."

Notable Neighbours.

Sir Edward has a large, rambling bungalow on the cliffs. Some of his neighbours are Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Madge Titheradge, Miss Phyllis Dare, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and numbers of other well-known theatrical and literary folk.

Padding at Brighton.

A friend who has been staying at Brighton tells me the sun has been so hot there that the children insist on padding. A few hardy spirits have even gone bathing.

On the Road Again.

Are we in for a coaching revival? Yesterday a coach started from Prince's after lunch for a spin round Richmond Park and back to town. This service will now be run daily.

Princess Mary Buys Flowers.

I saw a royal carriage in a traffic block on Friday. At one time the policeman on duty would have seen it through. But not so now, as the King does not wish this distinction to be made. Held up, Princess Mary, who, with a friend, was in the brougham, beguiled the time by purchasing a bouquet of flowers from a saleswoman sitting near the kerb.

The Junior House of Commons.

A round dozen of M.P.s were at the Victory banquet of the Faculty of Insurance during the week-end. But, unfortunately, news from Paris had called away Sir Gordon Hewart, Sir William Sutherland and Mr. J. H. Thomas.

Another Department?

Sir Edgar Jones, member for Merthyr, made one of the brightest speeches of the evening. The country is going to the dogs, he thinks, for want of a strong Opposition in the House, and would like to interrupt the disastrous journey by the appointment of an official devil's advocate to find out everything that can be said against any proposal. A very good idea—perhaps.

Women's Work.

At the Savoy, to-day, there will be an interesting exhibition, organised by Mrs. Croxton, of work done by Wrens and Waacs in competition. Likewise will there be an entertainment by members of each service.

Lingerie.

One of the most popular competitions was the designing and making of an under-bodice, hundreds of entries being sent in. Which shows that even a girl in uniform does not lose her love of the dainty.

The Mule Carriage.

Mlle. Edmée Dorneuil, who likes originality, has been seen in Hyde Park driving a carriage drawn by two white mules. Mules instead of a motor-car certainly seem novel enough.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins' defence in the De Veuille trial is the talk of legal circles just now. An Australian by birth, Mr. Jenkins went to the Bar immediately on leaving Cambridge. He has the reputation of being the plainest-spoken counsel now practising and a remorseless cross-examiner.

Matan's.

I hear that Mr. Albert De Courville has concluded the purchase of Matan's Club, in Bond-street. The club will be reorganised, and, of course, there will be a Jazz band.

3d. Jazz.

Jazz is becoming democratic. The largest hall in the Hammersmith district has been sold for jazz balls. Tickets will be 3d. each.

One Acters.

Is there to be a revival of the one-act play? It looks like it, for the Little Theatre is to have a bill entirely composed of pieces in one act. This art-form has been under a cloud for some time because of the Curfew Order and other things.

Worth While.

If a one-act play does catch on it often provides its author with a regular income for years. Apart from the professional stage, amateur societies prove a source of revenue.

A Rival.

I notice that the *Gazette* of the 3rd London General Hospital is running a beauty competition of its own, directly suggested by that in *The Daily Mirror*. The pictures and letterpress are as bright and entertaining as ever.

Historic Peele's.

You have to look long in London nowadays to find a tavern with a past. But Peele's Hotel, in Fleet-street, at the corner of Fetter-lane, which is, I see, to be offered for sale to-morrow, has claims to distinction, although it was rebuilt well back in the last century. As Peele's Coffee-House it was famous and popular.

With the Peacemakers.

Major Waldorf Astor has gone to Paris on Government business. Mrs. Astor has gone with him.

Arctic.

I hear that Mr. Ponting is going off again to the Arctic in a few weeks. I saw the Marchioness of Cambridge and Lady Knutsford



Miss Joyce Carey has joined the cast of "Nothing But the Truth."



Miss Maud Butler, daughter of Lt. Col. Butler, was a canteen worker.

at the Philharmonic watching his films of the Scott expedition and Sir Robert Peel entered as I left.

A Tale of a Bicycle.

A friend whose bicycle was stolen from his garden, kept his eyes open for the thief. One day he thought he saw his wheel, which a youth was on the point of mounting. The rider gave him one fearful look and ran off at top-speed. But the machine he left was not my friend's.

Films in Church.

I hear that church-owned cinemas are coming shortly. Several places of worship in London have definitely decided to include the film-service among their after-war developments, and special films illustrating Biblical subjects are now being prepared.

Stained Glass Window.

I met a dress artist coming out of a fashionable church the other morning, notebook in hand. He explained he had been studying the stained-glass windows for draperies he meant to reproduce in the wedding gown of a bride. The ecclesiastical note is the right one, too, in these garments for the present.

THE RAMBLER.

Gorrings

IDEAL HOLIDAY WEAR in Costumes, Skirts, Millinery, etc. The variety covers the Season's New Styles, good taste with economy being the dominant notes.

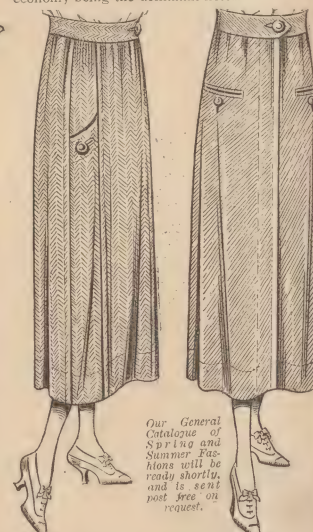


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Ladies' 2-Button Washable Super Doe-skin Washable Gloves (as sketch). In White or natural. Very special value. PRICE 6/11
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G 53.—Ladies' 2-Button Washable Buckskin Fabric. A most useful Glove of very exceptional value. In White, Chamois, Slate or 1 Patty. PRICE 3/11½



Our General Catalogue of Spring and Summer Fashions will be ready shortly, and is sent post free on request.

"NORAH."—An inexpensive Golf Skirt cut on up-to-date lines, slender in appearance, with ample fullness to allow perfect freedom in walking. Stocked in a great variety of Tweeds in several sizes. PRICE 48/6

"ROSALIE." Here is a stylish Knockabout Skirt of good Northern Tweed of up-to-date design. It has stitched seam through centre front, and is fitted with two inset pockets and a neatly-buttoned waistband. Stocked in a full range of colours. PRICE 48/6 Several sizes.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1

NOBODY'S LOVER By RUBY M. AYRES

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE OTHER REASON.

DAYS of terrible anxiety followed. Sometimes Ursula was better; sometimes she seemed to lose strength; sometimes, when Elsa called, it was to be met with smiling faces and cheerful optimism; and at other times hope sank to zero.

In France the barometer seemed to rise and fall with just the same uncertainty.

John Spicer's letters came regularly now, with faithful accounts of his friend's health.

Doctors apparently disagreed as to the cause of his illness. One said it was the reaction from the months he had spent in the war—a reaction that had attacked a naturally weak heart; another declared that there was no reason why Jake should not live to make old bones, provided he was kept quiet and not worried.

"What do you mean by that?" Spicer demanded bluntly.

He was inclined to be irritable in these days. Anxiety for his friend and the wish to return to his wife had tried his nerves badly, but he steadily refused to go back to England and leave Jake behind.

"When I go I take you with me," he said determinedly, and Jake was too weak to argue. It was the desire to hear something definite that made Spicer finally tackle the doctor. "What do you mean that he must not be worried?" he demanded. "There is nothing to worry him, as far as I know. He's always been free to come and go as he pleases."

"No financial response," Spicer shook his head. "Nothing more than usual. He has never been a man to save for a rainy day, if you mean that."

"There is something on his mind," the elder man said. He looked at Spicer deprecatingly. "Domestic troubles?" he queried.

"Rattray is not married," Spicer answered. "There is a girl, certainly, but . . ."

"Send for her to come out here, then," was the prompt response. "I told you days ago that if there was anyone particularly near to him they should be here."

Spicer frowned. "It's impossible for her to come—even if she would," he said slowly. "She's very ill, it's home—phthisis, I believe."

"Oh, well, in that case!" . . . Apparently there was no more to be said. The doctor had gone through four years of war and horrors, and one man's illness did not greatly disturb him, but he rather liked Jake, as everybody did, and was sorry for him.

"Get him back to England as soon as you can," he advised Spicer. "He ought to be fit enough to travel by easy stages in a few days."

Spicer told Jake what the doctor had said. Jake was out of bed and propped up in a big chair by the window. He did not look so desperately ill, but his eyes were rather sunken, and there was a new line of weariness about his mouth.

He looked up from a book he was supposed to be reading when Spicer spoke, and the flush deepened in his face.

"I'm not going back to England," he said in that quietly obstinate voice that Spicer had learned to dread.

"I know quite well what I owe to you, old chap, for racing out here to me, and I'm grateful. You go home as soon as you like. I shall be all right by myself—but I'm not going back to England."

"Why?"

"If you want reasons," he said indifferently, "the chief of them is that, like a sick dog, I'd rather creep away and die in some hole, where a crowd of interested people can't come and stare at me."

"Roy! Cashier says there's no earthly reason why with care you should not live for years. I was talking to him about this morning."

A faint look of hope flickered into Jake's eyes, but died down almost immediately.

"Cashier isn't the whole cheese," he said bluntly. "And it doesn't sound an alluring prospect." He made a grimace. "With care"—it reeks of cushions and armchairs and rows of medicine bottles.

Spicer laughed. "Don't be so damned ridiculous," he said. "It means nothing worse than going to bed at a reasonable hour and not burning the candle at both ends."

"If I go back to town with you, as you suggest, I shall get into the old rat again. It can't be avoided."

"You can come and live down in the country with us. Elsa will chuck the flat without a word if I ask her to do so, and we can get a place in Somerset, or—wherever you like."

"And allow your wife to nurse me! Thanks, my dear fellow, but once again, it can't be done."

Spicer frowned. He got up and began walking about the room. After a moment he said, "Of course, there's another reason?"

Jake did not hesitate. He answered at once. "There is, as you insist on knowing."

"You mean Miss Lorrimer?"

"Yes."

Spicer's hand went mechanically to his breast pocket, where lay a letter received from his wife that morning, and there was the barest possible pause before he answered.

"If that's your only trouble, we can soon get over it. Miss Lorrimer is not in London."

Jake raised his head slowly and half turned. "Not in London?" he echoed.

"No. Elsa told me in her letter this morning."

"You mean—you mean, of course, that she's gone to Italy?" Jake asked rather thickly.

"Yes."

"I see." Jake's eyes wandered to the window and the rather dirty street outside. Italy! The place where the sun always shone, and where the sea was always bluer! He would have given his soul to have been there with her. She had soon adapted herself to circumstances after all, and had been fool enough—perhaps knave enough—to hope that she would be unhappy without him—just for a little!

The subject was dropped between them for the time being, but later in the evening Jake said suddenly, without looking up: "I've been thinking over what you said this afternoon. I'll go back to England with you, as it's evident you're such an obstinate fool you won't be driven back alone."

Spicer beamed, but he was wise enough not to show too much elation.

"I'm writing to Elsa," he said. "I'll tell her."

"I've got my own way," so he wrote in his letter. At least, he got it by a trick, which he was ashamed of now it's too late. I told Jake that Miss Lorrimer has gone to Italy—you see, I never dared let him know how full she is, and he would never come back to London if he knew she was still there, so I told him a deliberate lie, and I hope I may be forgiven."

"Cashier, the doctor here, who seems a very clever sort of chap, quite disagrees with all the other men Jake has seen, and declares there's no cause why he should not live for years with care. I believe in Cashier, perhaps because I want to—and I also believe that if Jake and Miss Lorrimer could get to understand one another, there might be a great deal of happiness for both of them. I suppose you will smile and say that I am getting out of my depths, and perhaps I am."

"I know that I have got myself into a pretty mess by telling that howler to Jake! I hope you'll be an angel and stand by me when the truth comes out. I have not heard from you for two days now, and hope you are well; also that Miss Lorrimer is improving. I don't know, I only hope you have not been foolish enough to run the danger of infection for yourself. You never could take care of yourself. Thank Heaven, I shall soon be back to look after you. Have you missed me? . . ."

URSULA LEAVES LONDON.

THERE was a great deal more, just an echo of all the love-letters that have been written since the beginning of time, and which will be written thousands and millions of times more until the end of the world.

And Elsa read it all with tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips, and kissed the foolish words because John Spicer had written them, and quite lost sight of the fact that there was nothing in the least original or out of the ordinary about them.

But the part about Jake filled her with dismay. She had told Ursula a lie, and now John had told Jake one. Truly they were laying up trouble for themselves. She dashed off a reply hurriedly.

"We're six of one and half a dozen of the other, you dear darling," she wrote. "I told Ursula, to try and save her life, that Jake was his way home. She was really dying, so the doctor said, and I know that what I did saved her. But where we shall both end when they do meet, goodness only knows! We shall have to stand by one another, and make the best of a bad job."

"I am delighted to hear what your doctor man says about Jake. I quite agree with him, and never thought all the nonsense that man over here talked was right!"

"Ursula is out of danger, but dreadfully weak, and as soon as she can be moved they are going to send her down into the country, and if you are not home by then I shall go with her. Henry March—Ursula's uncle, you know—has really rather turned up trumps! He paid for all the best men we could get, and told me that he would do anything in the world to make her well and strong again. But oh, John, she looks such a poor, forlorn little thing! They have cut her pretty hair off, and now it's growing again it curls like a baby's, and she's so dreadfully white, and she seems to have got so quiet—she hardly ever speaks, even when I go to see her, and I know she is really fond of me."

"I tried to speak to her about Jake yesterday, but she would not let me. I wanted to tell her it was not quite true, what I said when she was so ill, but somehow I was afraid to. And in my heart, I believe she really knows all the time."

"Why can't everyone be happy as we are? We never had any trouble like this, did we? Everything was just happy and sunny, and plain sailing. Don't think I'm complaining—looking back now, it all seems just wonderful when I see how other people have to suffer."

"I am counting the days till you come home. John, we must try and let them meet—Jake and Ursula. Wire me as soon as your arrangements are made, and I will set all my wits to work to see what I can do."

"There is no danger of my getting diphtheria—I knew there would not be; I was never afraid of it, and I always think that is everything. Give my love to Jake—I am sure if he could see Ursula he would never try running away from her again. After all, what's the good of quixotism? Happiness lasts such a little while, even at the best. Take what the good gods give," I say.

But though she expected a wire from John Spicer every day, a whole week passed with no definite news. Then all at once it was decided to move Ursula into the country, and after writ-

ing three letters to her husband in one day, making up her mind to go, and then declaring she would stay, and finally changing it again, Elsa packed up her things and went away with Ursula.

A nurse accompanied them, and for once Henry March raised no objection to the expense.

"You get well, that's all I want," he told Ursula, touching her pale cheek. "See that she has eggs and cream and anything she fancies, Mrs. Spicer."

Henry March was quite enjoying his new role of benefactor. He considered that he was behaving in a most magnanimous way, considering the girl was not really his niece at all.

"Some people would not do a thing for their wife's relatives," he said to Elsa as he bade her good-bye. "But then, I'm fond of Ursula. When she gets over this, I shall take her back to keep house for me."

Elsa raised startled eyes.

"Oh, but surely she will go on with her singing! She was only speaking about it to me the other day."

Henry March avoided her eyes. "Oh, well, we shall see," he said evasively. "Time enough when she is well and about again. Fortunately the fine weather is coming. Sunshine's the best cure—country air and sunshine."

He saw them off from Paddington, and even kissed Ursula as he bade her good-bye.

"Take care of yourself, my dear," he said with unwonted emotion. "Take care of her, Mrs. Spicer."

"You know," Elsa said as the train started, and she drew up the window, "I really rather like your uncle, after all."

"It's been kind to me," Ursula answered, but in her heart she knew that she could never forgive him for the way in which he had treated her aunt. Even now, when she looked back to those days they made her shiver.

What a life it had been!

She held out her hand to Ursula. "But it's you who have been the angel to me," she said gratefully. "I think I should have died if it hadn't been for you."

"Such nonsense!" Elsa declared briskly. "You just weren't meant to die, and that's all about it."

But that night, when they were safely installed in the cottage which Mr. March had taken for them down in a little Somerset village, she went to the door of Ursula's room and knocked softly.

Ursula had gone to bed tired with the journey, and she was lying awake in the twilight, her brown eyes turned to the window, listless, weariness in her pretty face.

"You're not asleep—then I may come in," Elsa shut the door and, crossing the room, sat down on the side of the bed.



Ursula Lorrimer.

It was difficult to say the thing for which she had come, but she knew it had got to be said, and she broke out in desperation: "Ursula—will you hate me very much if I tell you something?"

Ursula smiled and held out her hand. "I couldn't hate you, whatever you told me. What is it?"

Elsa looked away. "You know that night—when you were so ill—we all thought you were going to die. . . . I begged the doctor to let me see you, and . . . and . . . She could not go on."

Ursula raised herself a little on the pillow. A faint flush had crept into her white face.

"I know what you are going to say," she said quietly. "It's about—Mr. Rattray. And you need not say it, because . . . I know. . . . I think I always knew—just after the first moment that it wasn't . . . true." She laughed, rather wearily. "But I love you for it, all the same—I love you because you tried to help me."

Elsa bent silently and kissed her.

For a moment neither of them spoke; then Ursula said falteringly: "Where is he now—Jake, I mean?"

"Still in France, John is with him."

The girl's hand tightened a little on hers. "You're good friends to us—you and John," she said.

"She fell asleep presently and Elsa slipped away. Out in the passage the nurse met her with a telegram.

"This has just come," she said. "I think it has been wired on from London."

Elsa opened it eagerly. It was from her husband—

"Leaving for England on Friday. Where can we join you?"

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

PERSONAL.

JIMMIE.—Come again soon. Still longing.—Nora.
OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Multi Jewellery, Boots, Trunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest second-hand dealers. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling, outfitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade.—Goldman's Uniforms, Dorsetport.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 5s. 6d. each; 3 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned.—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

DEATH.

In Memoriam.

TODD.—On April 6, 1919, killed in action, Percy, the beloved husband of Alice M. Todd. A greater love hath no man than this."

Woman's Life

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NEXT WEEK—PATTERN OF KNICKERS GIVEN AWAY

Met. Station—Euston Square.

"ALL BLACKS" BEAT THE MOTHERLAND ENGLAND'S POOR DISPLAY

NEW ZEALANDERS BEAT THE BRITISH ARMY.

Great and Sustained Struggle in Services Test at Inverleith.

WINNERS' SOLID PACK.

(NEW ZEALAND, 6 pts.; BRITAIN, 3 pts.)
The Mother-country, at Inverleith on Saturday, suffered defeat from the "All Blacks," and New Zealand go on to their last test, against the Australians on Wednesday at Bradford, the only unbeaten team in the Inter-Services Rugby tournament.

They were the better team, faster on the ball, nippier in their movements, and at least as sound in their tackling, but they owed their success to a try which was of the nature of a runaway score.

And against this could be set the rally by the Mother Country representatives in the second half, when, with defeat literally staring them in the face, they made so magnificent a well-aimed effort that they reduced their opponents' lead to one try in the closing stages of one of the most resolute games ever seen on an enclosure which has witnessed many a great struggle for supremacy.

LEWIS' BLUNDER.

The Mother Country rally brought the home backs into play as an aggressive force for the first time, with half-time at hand, but the New Zealanders responded with a long kick, which with a flying wind carried play to the home twenty-five, and a series of sharp short dashes landed them eventually in the corner on the stand side, where they were not dislodged until Belliss had recovered.

Off went the Mother Country. Lewis was held, and flinging the ball wildly to a colleague saw it land in the safe hands of Storey, the New Zealander, who is said to be capable of doing everything. He had a clear field, save for Cummerlege, the British Army back. Storey somewhat easily passed him, a fine swerve leaving Cummerlege helpless.

Storey in all ran for ten yards on the far side of the half-way line, and his run and score made up the great spectacular essay of a match lacking in outstanding items.

The home country were pressed at the start of the second half, and looked a beaten side, with practically half the game to go. But they made a great recovery, and gained a try.

WON BY THE ODD TRY.

The forwards paved the way for the success, and Lewis, in one of his happy moments, made an opening for Pickles, who, when tackled, kicked ahead, the speed of Day completing an episode which sent the crowd wild with delight.

Cummerlege had an easier place than Stohr had had when he essayed to kick goals, but the kick fell far short, and as the great kicking of the visitors prevented further scoring the New Zealanders ran out winners by the odd try in three.

Their pack was immense, and in comparison with the home forwards, and especially in the case of the backs, on the other hand, the home men handled more freely and combined more effectively than the New Zealanders, who relied to a great extent on kicking, both for attack and for defence.

When all was said and done, the great feature was the tackling on both sides, and under the circumstances the game was a fight rather than an exhibition.

CLANSMAN.

AUSTRALIANS' BIG SCORE.

Canadians Beaten Pointless at Twickenham in Full Game.

(AUSTRALIANS, 38 pts.; CANADIANS, 0.)

The Australians at Twickenham on Saturday were much too good for the Canadians and beat them by 4 goals and 6 tries to 0.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert honoured the match with their presence, and in its conclusion the field of play and shook hands with the players. They were not, however, favoured with an interesting game.

As in their other games, the Canadians were quite outclassed. For twenty minutes they managed to hold their opponents, but that was not due to any particular skill in defence. They only escaped through faulty Australian passing.

After a while the Canadians settled down to something of a game, and then the issue was soon put beyond doubt. Sutton, the left wing, gained a good try, and two forwards (Dunn and Bond) went over, and Robertson (the stand-off half) also went over, Bradley placing a goal.

Interest ran high in the second half, and six more tries, three of which were converted by Thompson, were added by Robertson, Egan, Carroll, Bradley (2) and Sutton.

TOUCH JUDGE.

EVERTON'S LAST-MINUTE GOAL.

Stockport County, on their own ground, put up quite a good fight against Everton. Indeed, it was not until the last minute that Gault gave Everton victory by the only goal of the match. There were only 6,000 spectators.

Everton did most of the attacking in the first half, but the Stockport defence was very sound.



MOTHER-COUNTRY BEATEN.—A New Zealand forward dribbling. The All Blacks won by 2 tries (6 points) to a try (3 points) at Inverleith.

BRENTFORD'S DEBACLE.

Splendid Victory for Millwall Over London's Leading Club.

(MILLWALL, 3; BRENTFORD, 0.)

A lot of good football was witnessed at New Cross, where Millwall created something of a surprise in well beating a strong Brentford team by three goals to love. And a large crowd of 22,000 spectators went away happy.

Without aspiring to any particular brilliance, Millwall played a sound and strong game throughout, and though Brentford had the advantage in midfield exchanges, there was a marked superiority about the work of the home men near goal. So much has been written of the brilliance of the Brentford inside forwards that their ineffectiveness came as a surprise.

Justice, and he was the only one to trouble Bailey in the Millwall goal.

The foundation of the home side's success was in their half-backs, who included their old player, Voisey, home from Germany, to take part in the Army internationals. Their tackling was excellent, and they received admirable support from the backs.

Whittaker, who was a capable centre forward, headed the only goal of the first half from a centre by Mouncher, but the second, in which Thomson took the ball through the opposition on his head in remarkable fashion, was a beautiful effort. Moody kicked the third in the last minute.

AJAX.

WEST HAM AT THEIR BEST.

Rangers Easily Beaten at Shepherd's Bush —Cope Barracked.

(WEST HAM UNITED, 3; Q. P. RANGERS, 1.)

West Ham United gained a surprising success over the Rangers at Shepherd's Bush by 3 goals to 1. The Rangers were without Mitchell and Dale, but the Hammers were very strongly represented.

Puddefoot reappeared in the winners' forward line, and thanks to his skillful leadership they played very finely. Chedzey at outside right was excellent, and P. H. Lewis, the Iford amateur, made a successful debut as his partner.

The Hammers' defence was always reliable, and Cope at right back played an extremely good game. He was again "barracked" by a section of the 10,000 spectators, but he certainly did not merit such unimportant derision. Hughes, whom West Ham had lent to Chelsea, returned to his old team and kept goal in fine style.

Heavy was the contest during the opening half. Puddefoot made two good efforts for the United, and Smith once seemed likely to score for the Rangers. It was not until two minutes from half-time that a goal came. Then good work by Chedzey left Lewis with only Denoon to beat, and the inside right scored with a fine drive.

West Ham did most of the attacking after resuming, and Denoon brought off a smart save from Chedzey. The Rangers, who were without Mitchell for an hour, however, Fox, whose work on the left wing occasionally suggested trouble for the West Ham defence, sent over a goal.

Jefferson passed the ball for Brown to beat Hughes. The West Ham goalkeeper effected quite a good save from Smith from a corner directly afterwards.

Then West Ham took up the running again, and Puddefoot, after twenty minutes, and Chedzey, five minutes from the end, scored further goals.

F. W.

SERVICE SCHOOL'S RUGBY.

Inaugurated in January, 1916, by Rosslyn Park, the Public Instruction Services fifteen, which has since much-felt want, played their last game on Saturday at Richmond, and easily defeated by 6 goals 6 tries to 0.

The match was a contest between Rosslyn Park and the Old Merchant Taylors.

A feature of the game was a very clever bit of play by W. E. Jacobs, the Tooting club, who, gathering at top speed a long kick of the opponent, cross-pointed to the left, where E. A. Langdon, of Sherborne, received it, and, after a few yards, kicked the Welsh international, led the forwards admirably.

Though the score was against them, the clubs put plenty of "go" into their forward work, but they were quite outclassed in the three-quarter line. The game was a good one, and the players of Halesbury and St. Paul's had a delightful game at Richmond, the Paulines winning by 13 points to 0.

The winners had played twice together in the Christmas holidays, and N. S. M. Atkinson and C. H. Pearson, the Gloucestershire players, did particularly good work. On the other hand, A. C. Maceoed and H. P. Marshall stood out among the Halesbury forwards.

VETERAN.

ARSENAL'S SUPERB FORM

Chelsea's Stars Eclipsed in Great Game at Highbury.

(ARSENAL, 2; CHELSEA, 1.)

The Arsenal have rarely played better football than they did against Chelsea on Saturday at Highbury, when they fairly and squarely beat the Pensioners by 2 goals to 1.

Some of the flashes of forward play were positively brilliant, and although the Chelsea front line read Ford, Whittingham, Wilding, Freeman and Croft, they were off the map in comparison with Rutherford, Robson, Hardinge, Spittle and Chipperfield.

Time and again by subtle passing and almost uncanny intuition the Arsenal front line took the ball through the defence, and that they did not get more goals did not detract from their brilliance. The two they did get were excellent.

In the second half, when Spittle had been injured and Rutherford went to inside left as partner to Chipperfield, the passing movements between the pair were the best I have seen during the war. And Hardinge at centre forward has never played better in his life.

Rutherford, then playing at outside right, made the opening for Hardinge to score the first goal after a quarter of an hour. A cross-passing run between Rutherford and Chipperfield had the Chelsea defence in a tangle in the second half and Rutherford scored a great goal.

Chelsea were always playing good, hard football, and soon after Wilding literally forced his way through with the ball at his toes and scored for Chelsea. All three goals were fine ones, and were scored by accurate, capable defenders; in which both Williamson and Moynaux kept goal splendidly.

The attendance was estimated at 35,000—it was probably more—and thousands were shut out. Crowds have not yet learned to pack as they did in pre-war days.

M.

'SPURS DRAW AT SELHURST.

Palace Forwards Fail to Take Many Scoring Chances.

(CRYSTAL PALACE, 2; TOTTENHAM H., 2.)

The result of the game at Selhurst, where Crystal Palace and Tottenham Hotspur drew at two goals all, is apt to create a false impression. The Palace forwards had several opportunities to repeat the achievement of December 14, when they beat the 'Spurs by 6-3. Notwithstanding the excellence of the defence opposing them, the forwards, especially in the second half, attacked for long periods, but threw many chances away by erratic shooting. That fault alone cost them their victory.

Minter and Elliott had given the 'Spurs a two-goal lead at the end of half an hour, and it was not until the last few seconds before the interval that Edmonds scored the first goal for the Palace. Bateman furnished him with the opportunity by cleverly centring under difficult conditions.

There was every appearance that the 'Spurs defence would survive a trying ordeal after the resumption. The Palace forwards, however, determined style, the half backs being of much greater assistance than in the first half. The "Glaziers" of Tottenham, sent over a goal by hand. E. Smith placed the ball well beyond the reach of Jacques. There were 10,000 spectators.

DEEMSTER.

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

Famous Players to Compete in Covered Courts Tournament.

The most important lawn tennis tournament since 1914 begins at Queen's Club to-day, when the popular covered courts championships will attract famous players from Australia, America, South Africa and Russia.

So big are the entries that it is probable that the final stages will run well into the second week, and it is more than likely that the players from overseas will figure right through to the finish.

There are several newcomers among the British representatives, notably Lady Abernethy, but if the home players are to hold their own against the visitors, it is more likely that old favourites like M. J. G. Ritchie, H. D. Dixon, Major A. H. Lowe, Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. D. Holmes will be the chieftains.

St. N. Duggan is Australia's most famous representative; G. H. Dold is the South African champion. The American representatives are W. E. Washburn and Dean Mahley, both top-top players, and M. Michu proved his ability by recently beating the fine French player Max Decugis.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE AVEGE BIRMINGHAM DEFEAT.

English Eleven Beaten at Ibrox Park by 3 to 2.

HARDY'S BRILLIANCE.

(SCOTLAND, 3; ENGLAND, 2.)

At Ibrox Park on Saturday the Scottish League defeated the English League by 3 goals to 2 before nearly 70,000 spectators. Thus the Scots avenged the 3-1 defeat they sustained at St. Andrews in February.

The Scots were worthy winners, and only the brilliance of Hardy in goal saved the English League from a heavy defeat. Time and again the Aston Villa man cleared splendidly when all seemed lost, and he was worthy of the ovation he received at the end of the game.

The only other outstanding man on the English side was Buchan, the Sunderland inside forward, who delighted the crowd with pretty footwork, and was repeatedly cheered.

England twice secured the lead, only to lose it almost immediately after. Only four minutes had elapsed when a little slackness in the Scotch defence allowed Clennell, the Everton in side left, to score with a hard drive.

A SOFT GOAL.

Fifteen minutes later Richardson, the Scottish centre forward, equalised with a deceiving shot, which he attempted to drive past the goalkeeper, but the ball only just rolled over the line.

Elliott gave the English League the lead again soon after, following splendid play by Buchan, who got through the opposing defence and placed the ball at the Middlesbrough centre forward's feet.

From a pass by Wright, Richardson again put the Scots on level terms, and two minutes from interval McMenemy scored what proved to be the winning goal. Prior to that Hardy had saved brilliantly from Bowie and Richardson, and was lying on the ground when the Celtic inside left shot which he could not save.

All that can be said of the English team has been stated. Longworth and Womack, the backs, were poor, and the forwards, except Buchan, a mediocre lot.

The winners were well served by the defence, about which some doubts had been expressed. McMullan was the star in a solid half-back line. The outstanding forwards were Bowie, McMenemy and Morlon. Richardson was unlucky, but he showed some splendid defence and placed the ball over on occasions. The takings at the gate amounted to just over £1,600.

J. M. H.

ORIENT GOALKEEPER HURT.

Fulham Win at Craven Cottage —Farnfield's Return to Game.

(FULHAM, 2; CLAPTON ORIENT, 0.)

There is virtue in a name, even for losing, and 14,000 people turned up at Craven Cottage on Saturday afternoon to see Clapton Orient beaten by 2 goals to 0 by Fulham.

There were strange faces to West Enders on both sides. Nobby, the superb goalkeeper, who had become a popular favourite for the magnificent way in which he kept hooking the ball across for corner kicks, and the sturdy and thrashing home the chances that he made for them.

Fisher, the visiting custodian, too, won golden opinions for his superb work. He was a fine driver from McIntyre and Harris. Unfortunately Fisher was badly injured in a collision with Harris in the afternoon, and he had to be carried off the field on an ambulance.

Nobody in the moderately-interesting match played better football than Penn, Harris, Corrance, and Bagge, and in the latter Fulham have discovered a wing half-back of exciting promise. Fulham in fact, played a very good game, but the old Cantab has become very slow, and was not a success, although he scored the first goal in forty minutes with a good swerving left-foot shot that passed just under the bar and over Fisher's head.

A quarter of an hour after changing ends Harris obliged Fulham's second goal with a brilliant drive, but at that time the Orient had only ten men. Hind being beaten the posts as understudy for Fisher. There were some odd things at each end. The visitors deserved at least one goal, and Fulham's pre-war custodian, and a successful practice.

QUARTER BLOKE.

NOTTS COUNTY IN GREAT FORM

At Birmingham Notts County gave a very fine display and trounced the home side to the extent of 3 goals to nil. Twenty thousand people saw a game that always went in favour of Notts.

Richards, after ten minutes, scored the only goal of the first half. There were some odd things at each end. The visitors deserved at least one goal, and Fulham's pre-war custodian, and a successful practice.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Today's Football.—Brentford meet a team selected from the rest of the London clubs to-day at New Cross.

Kent Victory Cup.—The final tie for the Kent Victory Cup will be played at Maidstone on Easter Monday.

Win for Honeyman.—Charlie Lane retired in the tenth round against Mike Honeyman at the Ring on Saturday.

Saturday's Hockey.—The R.A. beat the Philistines by 7 goals to 1 in a lucky match at Woolwich on Saturday.

Tom Gardner Beaten.—At Liverpool last night Walter Ross (Glasgow) beat Tom Gardner (Liverpool) 2-0.

Billets Result.—At Leicester-square: Peal 7,000; Elphick 5,962; in the amateur competition at Scho square 8,000. The latter was a very good one.

State Captain J. Higgins, secretary of the Kent County F.A., has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted by the Emergency Committee with regret.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



P20554
Major J. M. Fairlie, R.F.A., who was invested with a second bar to his M.C. He passed six times through a barrage to carry messages to headquarters.



P 300 F
Mrs. Lloyd George, who was one of three women candidates for the Criccieth Urban Council, was bracketed third with a local headmaster.

JUDGE KICKS OFF IN A CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH.



The Right Hon. Lord Justice James O'Connor kicked off in the final of the O'Connor Rugby Challenge Cup between Blackrock College and Old St. Mary's. The match was played at Dublin for charity.



A Canadian tackled. They were completely outclassed on Saturday.



DUBLIN CEREMONY.—Lord Powerscourt congratulates Henry O'Connell Fitzsimon, O.B.E., who "displayed conspicuous courage in circumstances of serious danger."



P 8642 F
The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert congratulating the captain of the Australians, the victors.



An Australian intercepts a pass in the match at Twickenham.



ONE-LEGGED GOLFER.—Captain Hope Crisp, once famous as a lawn tennis player, practising at Rochampton.



BOUT BETWEEN CAPTAINS.—Miss Gifford, captain of Allenswood, and Miss Ingram, captain of Earl's Court W.R.A.F.s. Allenswood won by a bout.



W.R.A.F.s in their overalls watching the fencing tournament between Allenswood and Earl's Court.



The Mother Country (1 try) and New Zealand (2 tries) at Inverleith.



SATURDAY'S RUGBY.—Two matches in the Army series were decided. The supreme game was between the Mother Country and New Zealand.